



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAST" (Copyright 1925 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"I have only contempt for a woman who tries to hold a man when he wishes to go," said Anita, with quiet but energetic bitterness. "Besides—she hesitated an instant before going on—'Gladys deserves her fate. She doesn't really care for him. She's only jealous of him. She never did love him.'"

"How do you know?" said I sharply, trying to persuade myself it was not an ugly suspicion in me that lifted its head and shot out that question.

"Because he never loved her," she replied. "The feeling a woman has for a man or a man for a woman, without any response, isn't love, isn't worthy the name of love. It's a sort of baffled consciousness. Love means generosity, not greediness." Then—"Why do you not ask me whether what she said is true?"

The change in her tone with the last sentence, the strange, ominous note in it, startled me.

"Because," replied I, "as I said to her, to ask my wife such a question would be to insult her. If you were riding with him, it was an accident." As if my rude repulse of her overtures since would not have justified her in almost anything.

She flushed the dark red of shame, but her gaze held steady and unflinching upon mine. "It was not altogether by accident," she said. "And I think she expected me to kill her."

When a man admits and respects a woman's rights where he is himself concerned, he either is no longer interested in her or has begun to love her so well that he can control the savage and selfish instincts of passion. If Mowbray Langdon had been there, I might have killed them both; but he was not there, and she, facing me without fear, was not the woman to be suspected of the stealthy and traitorous.

"It was he that you meant when you warned me you cared for another man?" said I, so quietly that I wondered at myself; wondered what had become of the "Black Matt" who had used his fists almost as much as his brains in fighting his way up.

"Yes," she said, her head down now.

A long pause.

"You wish to be free?" I asked, and my tone must have been gentle.

"I wish to free you," she replied, slowly and deliberately.

There was a long silence. Then I said: "I must think it all out. I once told you how I felt about these matters. I've greatly changed my mind since our talk that night in the Willoughby; but my prejudices are still with me. Perhaps you will not be surprised at that—you whose prejudices have cost me so dear."

I thought she was going to speak. Instead she turned away, so that I could no longer see her face.

"Our marriage was a miserable mistake," I went on, struggling to be just and judicial, and to seem calm. "I admit it now. Fortunately, we are both still young—you very young. Mistakes in youth are never fatal. But, Anita, do not blunder out of one mistake into another. You are no longer a child, as you were when I married you. You will be careful not to let judgments formed of him long ago decide you for him as they decided you against me."

"I wish to be free," she said, each word coming with an effort, "as much on your account as on my own." Then, and it seemed to me merely a truly feminine attempt to shirk responsibility, she added, "I am glad my going will be a relief to you."

"Yes, it will be a relief," I confessed. "Our situation has become intolerable." I had reached my limit of self-control. I put out my hand. "Good-by," I said.

If she had wept it might have modified my conviction that everything was at an end between us. But she did not weep. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked.

"Let's not talk of forgiveness," said I, and I fear my voice and manner were gruff, as I strove not to break down. "Let's try to forget." And I touched her hand and hastened away.

When two human beings set out to misunderstand each other, how fast and far they go! How shut-in we are from each other, with only halting means of communication that break down under the slightest strain!

As I was leaving the house next morning, I gave Sanders this note for her:

"I have gone to live at the Downtown hotel. When you have decided what course to take, let me know. If my 'rights' ever had any substance, they have starved away to such weak things that they collapse even as I try to set them up. I hope your freedom will give you happiness and me peace."

"You are ill, sir?" asked my old servant, my old friend, as he took the note.

"Stay with her, Sanders, as long as she wishes," said I, ignoring his question. "Then come to me."

His look made me shake hands with him. As I did it, we both remembered the last time we had shaken hands—when he had the roses for my home-coming with my bride. It seemed to me I could smell those roses.

It, he had gained and had received! He had gained, because he was rich. He had gained, because he was a person, now, superior; now, he found that like a silly child he had been standing on a chair and crying: "See how tall I am." And the air, the cynicism, the graceful condescension, which had been so becoming to him, were now as out of place as a crown and robes on a king taking a swimming lesson.

"What are your terms, Blacklock? Don't be too hard on an old friend," said he, trying to carry off his frank piece for mercy with a smile.

I should have thought he would cut his throat and jump off the Battery wall before he would get on his knees to any man for any reason. And he was doing it for more money—to try to save, not his fortune, but only an imperiled part of it. "If Anita could see him now!" I thought.

To him I said, the more coldly because I did not wish to add to his humiliation by showing him that I pitied him: "I can only repeat, Mr. Langdon, you will have to excuse me. I have given you all the time I can spare."

His eyes were shifting and his hands trembling as he said: "I will transfer control of the Coal combine to you."

His tones, shameful as the offer they carried, made me ashamed for him. For money—just for money! And I had thought him a man. If he had been a self-deceiving hypocrite like Roebuck, or a frank believer in the right of might, like Updegraff, I might possibly, in the circumstances, have tried to release him from my net. But he had never for an instant deceived himself as to the real nature of the enterprises he plotted, promoted and profited by; he thought it "smart" to be bad, and he delighted in making the most cynical epigrams on the black deeds of himself and his associates.

"Better sell out to Roebuck," I suggested. "I control all the Coal stock I need."

"I don't care to have anything further to do with Roebuck," Langdon answered. "I've broken with him."

"When a man lies to me," said I, "he gives me the chance to see just

his habitual pose, race and character without another word. All this fright and groveling and treachery for plunder, the loss of which would not impair his fortune—plunder he had stolen with many a jest and gibe at his helpless victims. Like most of our debonair dollars chasers, he was a good sportsman only when the game was with him.

That afternoon he threw his Coal holdings on the market in great blocks. His treachery took Roebuck completely by surprise—for Roebuck believed in this fair-weather "gentleman," four-weather coward, and hesitated to allow for that quicksand that is always under the foundation of the man who has inherited, not earned, his wealth. But for the blundering credulity of masquerade, would Roebuck's brokers have bought many thousands of Langdon's shares at the high artificial price before Roebuck grasped the situation—that it was not my followers recklessly gambling to break the prices, but Langdon unloading on his "pal." As soon as he saw, he abruptly withdrew from the market. When the Stock Exchange closed, National Coal securities were offered at prices ranging from 11 for the bonds to two for the common and three for the preferred—offered, and no takers.

"Well, you've done it," said Joe, coming with the news that Thornley, of the Discount and Deposit bank, had been appointed receiver.

"I've made a beginning," replied I.

I had decided to concentrate upon Roebuck, because he was the richest and most powerful of "The Seven." For, in my pictures of the three main phases of "finance"—the industrial, the life insurance and the banking—he, as arch plotter in every kind of respectable skulduggery, was necessarily in the foreground. My original intention was to demolish the Power Trust—or, at least, to compel him to buy back all of its stock which had worked off on the public. I had collected many interesting facts about it, facts typical of the conditions that "finance" has established in so many of our industries.

For instance, I was prepared to show that the actual earnings of the Power Trust was two and half times what its reports to stockholders alleged; that the concealed profits were diverted into the pockets of Roebuck, his sons, 11 other relatives and four of "The Seven," the lion's share going, of course, to the lion. Like almost all the great industrial enterprises, too strong for the law and too remote for the supervision of their stockholders, it gathered in enormous revenues to disburse them chiefly in salaries and commissions and rackets on contracts to favorites. I had proof that in one year it had "written off" 12 millions of profit and loss, 10 millions of which had found its way to Roebuck's pocket.

Roebuck was the keystone of the arch that sustained the structure of chicane. To dislodge him was the direct way to collapse it. I was about to set to work when Langdon, feeling that he ought to have a large supply of cash in the troublous times I was creating, increased the capital stock of his already enormously over-capitalized Textile Trust and offered the new issue to the public. As the Textile Trust was even better bulwarked, politically, than the Power Trust, it was easily able to declare tempting dividends out of its lootings. So the new stock could not be attacked in the one way that would make the public instantly shun it—it could not truthfully charge that it would not pay the promised dividends. Yet attack I must—for that issue was, in effect, a bold challenge of my charges against "The Seven." From all parts of the country inquiries poured in upon me: "What do you think of the new Textile issue? Shall we invest? Is the Textile company sound?"

I had no choice. I must turn aside from Roebuck; I must first show that, while Textile was, in a sense, sound just at that time, it had been unsound, and would be unsound again as soon as Langdon had gathered in a sufficient number of lambs to make a battue worth the while of a man dealing in nothing less than seven figures. I proceeded to do so.

The market yielded slowly. Under my first day's attack Textile preferred fell six points, Textile common three. While I was in the midst of dictating my letter for the second day's attack, I suddenly came to a full stop. I found across my way this thought: "Isn't it strange that Langdon, after humbling himself to you, should make this bold challenge? It's a trap!"

"No more at present," said I, to my stenographer. "And don't write out what I've already dictated."

I shut myself in and busied myself at the telephone. Half an hour after I set my secret machinery in motion, a messenger brought me an envelope, the address type-written. It contained a sheet of paper on which appeared, in type-writing, these words, and nothing more:

"He is heavily short of Textiles."

It was indeed a trap. The new issue was a blind. He had challenged me to attack his stock, and as soon as I did, he had begun secretly to sell it for a fall. I worked at this new situation until midnight, trying to get together the proofs. At that hour, for I could delay no longer, and my proofs were not quite complete—I sent my newspapers two sentences:

"To-morrow I shall make a disclosure that will send Textiles up. Do not sell Textiles!"

(To be Continued.)

HIS ACTS ILLEGAL

JUDGE PRITCHARD IN CONFLICT WITH REVISED STATUTES.

Granting of Injunction in North Carolina Railroad Case Was Plain Violation of Law in Railroad Interests.

To one who takes the trouble to examine the law governing the use of injunctions in federal courts, when the states are directly concerned, the action of Judge Pritchard in North Carolina is incomprehensible upon any theory except that he was attempting to bluff the state authorities. Section 720 of the revised statutes of the United States provides that:

"The writ of injunction shall not be granted by any court of the United States to stay proceedings in any court of a state except in cases when such injunction may be authorized by any law relating to proceedings in bankruptcy."

Now, the injunction granted by Judge Pritchard, forbidding the state authorities to execute the rate law, was not authorized by any law relating to proceedings in bankruptcy, and was, therefore, expressly prohibited by section 720, above quoted. This section was called to his attention on the hearing of the injunction suit, but he deliberately violated it. He substituted the unfounded contentions of the railroad attorneys for the supreme law of the land. When the state authorities refused to obey his unlawful order the railroad attorneys and the Republican organs talked loudly of a clash between federal and state troops and tried to frighten the people of North Carolina and Gov. Glenn. The officials of the department of justice talked about "insurrection" in North Carolina, thereby insinuating that the army of the United States would be used to support and enforce Judge Pritchard's unlawful orders. But Gov. Glenn and the North Carolina judges stood firm. Grand juries were instructed to indict railroad employees and officials who violated the state law as they would any other law breakers. Gov. Glenn proposed to call the legislature in extra session and recommend the repeal of the charter of the Southern railway. President Finley of that road was arrested. The securities of the road declined three and one-fourth points on the market in one day, entailing a loss of \$7,000,000. Next day the conspirators retreated. They agreed to obey the law of the state, notwithstanding Judge Pritchard's injunction and the arrangement about rebate coupons for excess of fare made in pursuance of it. They knew they were wrong. Judge Pritchard knew it. He knew that he was violating section 720 of the revised statutes. But for the courage and honesty of Gov. Glenn he would have been able to establish a precedent which would have destroyed all the police powers of the states and made railroad corporations complete masters of the country.

BODY BLOW TO REPUBLICANS.

Possibility That Railroads Will Draw Financial Aid.

If the president of the Rock Island railroad means what he says, that all its lobbyists at state capitals and at the national capital are to be withdrawn, it shows he has seen a great light. But how about the other railroads? Will they follow the good example? Will the Pennsylvania railroad, which has always been dominant at Washington, and the Southern railroad, which has cooperated and also maintained its lobbyists at all the capitals of southern states through which it passes, also abolish the same nefarious practices? Will Harriman reform his tactics and cease to bribe and influence the legislatures of the Pacific coast states, and those as far east as Omaha, and even to New York? Will he cease to finance the Republican machine in California and buy the election of United States senators and congressmen? There would undoubtedly be a Democratic majority in the house of representatives if the magnates of the corporations and the tariff-protected trusts had kept their hands out of the treasuries of those institutions, and the United States would be friendly to the people instead of being controlled by the corporations, without the money and the aid of the lobbyists of corporations.

Even President Roosevelt's title to the presidency is clouded by the life insurance and Harriman's contributions to his campaign fund, and there is good reason to believe that at least one of the principal candidates of the Republican party for the presidential nomination is receiving aid from similar sources.

How can the people expect relief from the plundering trusts and corporations as long as the leaders of the dominant party are so much under obligations to them as the exposures already made indicate?

The Drago Doctrine. President Castro of Venezuela seems to be hankering after trouble, for he flatly refuses to arbitrate the five American claims that have been pending for years. He should remember that the Drago doctrine as expounded by the present administration does not preclude the use of the "big stick" as far as the United States is concerned, for the contention in substance is that "force may be used in case a debtor nation refuses to submit a case to arbitration or to any fair means of settlement."

Standpatners' Lament. The Protective Tariff league at a late meeting resolved to condemn the new trade agreement with Germany as "contrary to law, contrary to the policy of protection, injurious to American labor, unfair to the honest American importer," etc., etc. The American people, in spite of the league, have resolved that the tariff protects the trusts and has so greatly increased the cost of living that they are tired of it, and that subterfuge, like the German agreement, is merely beating the tariff devil around the bush instead of suppressing him.

HELPING THE TOWN

HINTS AS TO MAKING THE HOME MARKET BETTER.

HANDLING OF FARM PRODUCE

How Merchants and Farmers Can Cooperate to Their Mutual Advantage in a Business Way.

Many agricultural towns could be vastly improved by affording farmers better markets for the produce that they have to dispose of. In the radius of every country village there is sufficient butter and eggs and other products to be marketed, the handling of which would make a profitable business.

The custom that has prevailed for many years of storekeepers indiscriminately handling produce does not appear to be to the best interests of towns or it may be said, to the merchants or the farmers. In the first place the average storekeeper has no facilities for the proper handling of perishable products. He may not receive sufficient to enable him to dispose of the product to the greatest advantage. Therefore instead of making any profit upon what he handles, many times he is the loser and looks for his compensation in the trade that may be given him by the farmers who bring in the produce.

It is important to a town whether it is reputed to be a good produce market or otherwise. Where the farmer can receive a cent or two more for his butter and eggs he is likely to turn his attention. In some towns there are regular buyers of produce, but often these methods are such as to be unsatisfactory and result in loss of trade to the place.

Merchants generally exchange goods for whatever produce may be brought to them. In many places they will not pay cash, and it has been known where cash has been paid that it immediately found its way to some other town where goods was purchased.

Each town that has any considerable patronage from the farming community surrounding it, should have a small cold storage plant. One plan that has been found practicable in many towns is the organization of a produce company in which merchants of the town as well as the farmers are stockholders. These concerns provide every facility for the proper packing and storage of eggs and butter and other perishable produce, and sometimes include a butter renovating plant. Where such companies are operated the merchants refuse to handle produce, referring all who have such to sell to the produce company. The company pays the highest market price for what it buys. Instead of paying cash, due bills are issued which are accepted the same as cash at all the stores in town. Each week the merchants who receive these due bills in exchange for goods have them cashed at the office of the produce company.

By paying from a cent to two cents a dozen more for eggs or per pound for butter these produce companies have been wonderful factors in bringing trade to the place. Not alone do they benefit the town by bringing additional patronage to the merchants, but the business can be highly profitable if managed rightly. It requires but little capital to operate such an establishment. It is well when organization is taken up to limit the amount of stock that each shareholder receives to one or two shares of a par value of \$50 or \$100. An effort should be made to have as many merchants as possible shareholders. Also to secure as many shareholders among the farmers as can be had. It should be understood that instead of paying cash, farmers pay for their shares of stock in produce at prevailing market prices. With all the merchants in the town interested in the success of the company, and the farmers throughout the country also shareholders and participants in profits that may be made, it will be soon found that the produce company will be handling all the produce business that originates in the community.

In many localities where this plan has been put in operation the farmers have discovered that they could receive better prices for their butter and cream and eggs than under the old system. Being associated in a way with the business interests of the place they become more interested in all affairs of the town and are more inclined to work in harmony with the merchants towards anything that has the improvement of the home town in view. One of the desirable things about this plan is its tendency to lessen the practice of residents of rural communities trading with mail order houses and department stores in the large cities. Another admirable feature is the adding of an additional labor-saving industry to the town and the keeping of the earnings of the people in circulation in the community.

Drugs in Food. "The gravy from roast beef is nearly as effective as iron preparation in the relief of anaemia, and consequently also of the heart discomfort accompanying it." In addition, however, to red meat, many vegetables, must be remembered, are able to contribute valuable proportions of iron to the dietary scheme. This is particularly true of the beet, yellow turnip, tomato and spinach.

Roof Party for Two. "Nearly every night they have a roof party on the roof across the area from my window," said the woman. "It is very simple. It is a lighted lantern hung on a clothes line and a boy and a girl in the shadow of the chimney just far enough away from the light of it"—N. Y. Press.

Whence "Strawberry." The name strawberry has puzzled a good many people who like to find the origin of names. Many suppose it used to be the custom to string the berries on straws and sell them in that way, hence the name. But the real name is strawberry, due to the sipping habits of the vine.

WHERE THE MERCHANT FAILS.

An Iowa Farmer Tells Him He Should Advertise, and How.

An Iowa farmer contributes to the Des Moines Capitol the following very pertinent suggestion as to why the mail order houses succeed in getting the business of the rural communities away from local merchants:

"If the mail order houses got \$1,000 out of this country each month that belongs to the home merchants the fault is with the merchants themselves. The mail order houses advertise and give us prices on everything they offer for sale. They tell us what they have and what they want for it. Of course we get soaked once in awhile and if we do we can try some other house. Most of the home merchants who advertise at all don't quote prices. They neglect to tell us what we want to know—the price. Of course we can go to the store and ask the price of this article, and that, but you know how it is—one doesn't know so well exactly what he wants to buy when he gets in a store as when he is at home. And there is where the mail order houses make their lift. They send us their advertising matter into homes and we read it when we haven't anything else to do and every member of the family who reads their stuff usually finds something that he or some other member of the family wants and many orders are made up and sent out just at such times.

"Right here is where the home merchant falls down. If he talked up his business to us in our homes the same as the mail order houses do the people would be in to see him the next time they came to town and in many cases extra trips would be made to get the things at once that we didn't know we wanted until they were brought to our attention.

"The home merchant can save the expense of getting up a catalogue. We people read the home papers more carefully than we do the catalogue, and if the merchant wants to talk business with us let him put his talk in the home papers, and put it in so that we know he means business. The home merchant likely, nine times out of ten, sells his goods as cheap as the mail order houses, and I believe on many things they are much cheaper, but how are we to know if he doesn't tell us about it.

"A merchant must not think that even his best customers know his goods so well that they can tell what he has without being shown. "It is none of my business how the home merchant runs his business, but I don't like to see these roasts in the papers all the time about us fellows who get a little stuff shipped in once in awhile and never anything said on the other side. There are always two sides of a question, and I have given you mine. If it is worth anything to you you can take it."

BANKERS GETTING WISE.

They See Danger in the Mail-Order System of Business.

It is only lately that bankers of the west have come to a realization that the mail-order system of business has been a serious injury to them, killing off the business of their towns, taking out of circulation money that should help swell the local bank deposits and otherwise interfering with town progress.

The trouble has been with many bankers that they failed to consider the buying-goods-away-from-home evil as anything of particular concern to them. When Farmer Smith would buy a draft for \$50 or \$100 to send to Chicago, the banker got his ten cents exchange and thought he was that much ahead, while the facts remained that if he could keep the money from being sent from home that \$50 of the farmer for the banker might make a dollar or two of profit. It was only when the catalogue houses started in to solicit deposits of the people of country towns and farming communities that the bankers took a tumble.

Then again some bankers have such an exalted idea of their position in the town that the goods to be had from the local merchants are not good enough for themselves and families, and set a bad example before the people by sending away themselves for what they desire in the way of staples and luxuries. Bankers are conservative; and are not forward in making suggestions to their patrons as to what they should do with their money, but in this matter it appears sufficiently important to justify the exercise of what influence the banker can command in behalf of home patronage. It is the business of the town and surrounding country that affords a profit to the bank. The greater this volume of business can be made the better for the banker and every interest of the town, and the farmers and other laborers as well.

D. M. CARR.

What, Indeed? A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one, to whom, after having examined her appearance, she said: "Of course, you will be able to dress my hair for me?" "Oh, yes," replied the girl; "it never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair." "Half an hour, my child!" exclaimed the duchess, in accents of terror, "and what on earth, then, should I be able to do with myself all the remainder of the morning?"

Buttermilk Cocktail. Throat parched? Irrigate it with a buttermilk cocktail.

This is a new brand of dampness which was devised at the University of Chicago. The buttermilk cocktail is constructed according to the following recipe: Take a tall, thin glass, drop in a chunk of ice; insert a long slice of cucumber, then fill with buttermilk. That's all!

Reliable Sign of Death. A Frenchman has received a prize for discovering a reliable sign of death. The test consists of the subcutaneous injection of a solution of fluorescein, which, if the blood is still circulating, in the course of a few hours causes the skin to turn yellow.

Perforated Sails Beneficial

Although the assertion, recently made by an Italian sea captain that the power of sails was increased by their being perforated was ridiculed, it has just been proved that he was right.

His theory was that the force of the wind cannot fairly take effect on an inflated sail because of the cushion of immovable air that fills up the hollows. To prevent the creation and presence of that cushion, he pierced his sails with many holes, through which the wind blew, the balance of the air pressure striking against it.

Several experiments have been made on these lines, and the results are declared to have been eminently satisfactory.

The Top of Colorado. In high mountains there is no state to compare with Colorado. She can claim 407 peaks of an altitude of more than 14,000 feet, 205 of more than 11,000, 222 of more than 12,000, 149 of more than 13,000, and 32 of more than 14,000.

LANGDON COMES TO THE SURFACE.

I shall not estimate the vast sums it cost the Roebuck-Langdon crew to maintain the prices of National Coal, and so give plausibility to the fiction.